

The Rosy Cross Dramatic and Comedy Society.

A LEGAL MIX-UP



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MEADOW WAY,
SOMERFORD,
CHRISTCHURCH.
HANTS.

BF 1623.R7 Reservations

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By MUSER.

Law Student walking slowly along a country road. He is reciting speeches and repeating legal terms.

A Tramp, who has been sleeping in the hedge, awakens, but is unseen by the Student.

Student: And I see no reason why I should not be called to the Bar.

Tramp: Called to the Bar. Lor' Lummy, he's not the only one who wants to be called to the Bar. This thirst—

Student: Mobilia sequuntur personam.

Tramp: French—that's what he is.

Student: Movables follow the person. This then, is governed by the law of domicile.

Tramp: The Lord of Domis Isle. I've never heard of him, anyhow.

Student: Two elements are essential to establish a domicile.—

Tramp: Helements?

Student: One, residence in a country; two, intention to continue that residence without any intention of ultimately leaving it.

Tramp: Now where is he going?

Student: Hence a man may change his domicile from time to time, as often as he likes.

Tramp: I wish I could change my shirt, be hanged to domis isle.

Student: Then there is the question of Bills.

Tramp: Hello, what's this, I'm a Bill!

Student: Days of grace must be considered.

Tramp: Blimy, wot's the good of grace and nowt to eat?

Student: They must be reckoned according to the laws of the country where Bills are to be paid.

Tramp: The law never paid me anything. I'd like to know these Bills.

Student: Bills require an examination.

Tramp: Bills get enough of that in the Grubber, mister.

Student: Revenue laws, yes, absence of stampage.

- Tramp* : Stampage. He's on to the boots now! these stamps of mine only want new soles and uppers and they would be a good pair.
- Student* : I think I am alright on that. What do I remember of Torts?
- Tramp* : Well, if he can't remember his own thorts what's the use of him. If he lent me a bob it would be alright, he'd forget.
- Student* : Executor de son tort.
- Tramp* : Executor the son thort. Whose son? Why did he he think he was executed. This fellow's got me wuzzy.
- Student* : An executor of his own wrong.
- Tramp* : Now we're talking. He killed his own wrong. The son got his father executed. I'd like to hear more of this.
- Student* : And he is liable to be sued by the true executor.
- Tramp* : How can he be sued if he is dead. He's getting worse.
- Student* : For the due payment of legacy.
- Tramp* : Now he's brought the Jews in. It must have been a Jew's father executed. He said leg I see, whose leg?
- Student* : On the other hand.
- Tramp* : The other hand. Damn it, he said leg a minute ago—He's yappy.
- Student* : He has none of the many protections which the law throws on a duly appointed executor.
- Tramp* : Now he tells us the law throws something at the executor.
- Student* : If he is appointed by will of the Court.
- Tramp* : Blimy, he's speaking well off now—Will instead of Bill; why doesn't he move off and let me sleep.
- Student* : He can deal with the estate of the deceased person.
- Tramp* : Diseased, he must be if he is dead. What's his complaint?
- Student* : Escrow.
- Tramp* : Never heard of it. Sounds like a hen.
- Student* : The deed is delivered as an escrow.
- Tramp* : The deed is murder, speak plain English, Escrow!
- Student* : Delivered on condition and only operative when the condition is fulfilled.

- Tramp* : I'll give it up. First the son says he thort, then disease, then a crow complaint and now he says he is filled full. This bloke is getting me nuts.
- Student* : Time. The question of time is important.
- Tramp* : Time. I once got six months.
- Student* : As it decides the question as to ownership.
- Tramp* : Who wants to own a corpse.
- Student* : It decides when risk of loss will pass to the buyer.
- Tramp* : Now he's talking about selling—selling the damned corpse. I must watch this fellow, he's not so simple as he looks.
- Student* : When the goods are sent on approval or on sale—
- Tramp* : A dead man—the goods, he's a cool 'un at any rate.
- Student* : The property passes when the buyer so acts to adopt the transaction.
- Tramp* : A minute ago he said the goods, now it's property.
- Student* : Title is another thing. With regard to transfer of the property another rule holds good, namely, that where goods are sold by a non-owner, etc.
- Tramp* : How can a fellow sell anything when he isn't the owner, unless he has pinched it, I've got it—the corpse was pinched. Now who would want to half inch a corpse.
- Student* : Nemo dat quod non habet.
- Tramp* : What's that, he said quod. Dat quod, which quod—Bow Street or Dartmoor. Something about a habit, too. He's used to being in quod. Lummy, it must be a disease with him.
- Student* : A thief, therefore, can give no title to stolen goods.
- Tramp* : If I pinched a watch I would call it a watch and no kidding.
- Student* : He has no lien on the property.
- Tramp* : Lien, he means lie on. The lie on, the low down, you chump.
- Student* : Vadium. Ah! that is to say, pledge, pawn.
- Tramp* : Strike me pink, he wants to pawn the corpse — I wish he'd clear off.
- Student* : Act of God. That is a direct, sudden and invisible act of nature.
- Tramp* : Now then, Mister, no bluff, it was murder and you know it. Blaming it on God now.

Student: Carrier's Act. This applies to all common carriers by land.

Tramp: Well, he wouldn't be a respectable carrier pinching a corpse. Would he?

Student: Ex nudo pacto non critur actio.

Tramp: Ex nudo. Now I see it all. The fellow was a nudist and he was murdered. Now he's an ex nudo. Blimy, I'm learning something. Go on Mister—the cops will get yer, don't worry.

Student: Caveat Emptor. Let the buyer beware.

Tramp: You bet he will 'specially if he finds out it's a nude corpse.

Student: The law implies no general warrantry as to the quality of goods and the risk, except in cases described as "Sale of Goods."

Tramp: The quality wouldn't be fresh. The rogue, he marks the case "Sale of Goods" well knowing it's a dead man.

Student: A person may hold property during the life of another, the latter is the Cestin que vie.

Tramp: Of course, but if the fellow's dead he should be buried. But on the cest, cest, que vie. On the que vie, I've got yer, Mister,—on the sly. I've had enough of this. Help — Murder.

(He jumps up and runs away shouting).

Student: Non compis mentis.

CURTAIN.

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